

CIGARETTE PAPERS.
BY JOSEPH HATTON.

Dutch and English Markets. If you rejoice in the picturesquenes of old-fashioned market places set up early on the Saturday morning when you leave Nijmegen (pronounced as I said before Nivemagen) and let your last memory of the Dutch town be the scene that has the Stadhuis, the double-towered fifteenth century mansion, and the Cathedral tower for a background. You will probably never have a more prettily set up than this dinner than you can get in this charming little city; forget it in the glory of the Nijmegen market. It will remind you of all the market days you have seen at Nottingham, Derby, York, Liverpool, Cologne, Trives, the Hague, and Verona, but it will hold its own as a unique picture. It is a market of miscellaneous agricultural and garden produce of the district, and just now in August it is a wilderness of baskets, presided over by a crowd of white-capped Dutch women, with an environment that gives the scene a simple primitive touch that is almost medieval; in the air the jangle of ancient bells marks the passing hours with music. When English farmers were prosperous in the old days their wives and daughters went to market much in the same way as our Dutch neighbours. Bristol, Bath, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other cities have still examples of the customs in the contributions which gardeners and poultry breeders in a small way make to the larger stalls of the more important producers. But market day no longer overrules the farmer's daughter presiding over her stall of poultry, or her mother selling eggs and butter. They drive to the county town to visit their friends, talk fashions, interview their dressmakers; mademoiselle to study music. I don't blame them, heaven forbid, but the higher education of women has to be taken into account when you discuss one of the most important questions of the day. There is something wrong in English farming, apart from the question of railway freights, when Holland can profitably transport her produce to London by wagon, rail, and steamer, with two or three loadings and unloadings, in competition with English farmers within easy reach of the metropolis.

A Question of Banners.

But these are holiday papers, and abler pens can treat economical questions. With the artistic side of the Dutch market in your mind, at 9.30 a.m. you catch the train that left the Hook at five and you are at Cologne by two, but our German friends are very deliberate in dealing with luggage. Instead of letting you have your bags direct from the vans, true to their love of red-tape and officialism, they carry them by lifts and porters to the station's great hall. When they have tossed it from one to the other for half an hour you are graciously permitted to take it to your hotel. Being English you are philosophic and patient. Should you be tempted to anathematise officialism you are checked at once by the overpowering impressiveness of the Cathedral that confronts you with its towering towers the moment you turn your back on the railway. If you have not seen Cologne during the past ten or dozen years you will be astounded at the restoration that has been accomplished in the old houses that have been cleared away, the new ones that have risen, the garden that has been planted in a stone-yard that at one time appeared to be almost susceptible of horticultural display than Trafalgar-square. London has made a beginning in this direction. What has been done outside the National Gallery may easily be extended. I was rather proud of the few English cyclists whom I saw in Cologne. They were unostentatiously dressed and did not invade the Cathedral in knickerbockers, white caps, gorgous sashes, and shirts decorated with cheap medals, as most of the foreign gentlemen did. It was the Cycling Congress, you know, and Cologne flung out her banners in every street. English and American flags were conspicuous by their absence. An American friend, whom I met in the Regent-street of the German city, felt the slight: "We have opened our ports to the Fatherland's surplus population; we welcome them in their thousands; we give them votes, make them citizens; when we take our vacation we visit their cities; this year Cologne has never before seen so many of us in her hotels and stores; she makes a fete and flies her flags, and vary a star and stripe is seen in the whole blighted city. Why, thunder, if we have a show of any kind on our side you see their national colours level with our own. After all, London and Paris are the only two European cities that appreciate us. Nothing makes a man feel so happy, when he's abroad, as a sight of his flag flying free against the blue empyrean."

Gilt Buttons and Other Trifles.

The present month of August is witnessing many celebrations of German victories over the French. The Cologne shops were full of pictures of the war, statuettes of Bismarck, Von Moltke, and the two late Emperors. At night when I preferred sleep to the jubilant revels of a party of German cyclists in the hotel over the way, I had to force to listen to vocal glorifications of the German arms and the defiant chorus of "The Watch on the Rhine," with any amount of "Hoicks" and "Hurrahs." Not long before the war I awoke one morning in Paris to the marching of a thousand Frenchmen singing the "Marseillaise." There is the shout of the trumpet, the beat of the drum, the defiance of a people in that terrible hymn. "The Watch on the Rhine" is a tame answer to it, but it had an inspiring sound the other night in Cologne and filled my dreams with the glamour of battle into which a vagrant and fickle memory insinuated fragments of a certain piano-forte solo called "The Battle of Prague," with its "cries of the wounded" dear to executives on the Broadwalks of my youth. August was a terrible month in the Franco-German War, the 14th, 16th, 18th, and 31st being days never to be forgotten. It is possible that here and there up and down the Rhine, and in out-of-the-way places, the flags that seem unusual just now belong to the celebrations of victory that are being held at special points in one's journeys by rail and river. They give a holiday aspect to the country. The weather is fine. Harvesting is general. On the regular tracks of travel thousands of excursionists are abroad. In quiet villages there appear to be on all hands tokens of festival. The Germans love processions and ribbons, flags, drums, and trumpets. Their schools are young military establishments, and the cyclist

adorns himself with sabres, fancy head-gear, and indulges in a military swagger; but these are mere trifles, the trivial side of a great people, and they give a colour to travel that one is grateful for. When the gentleman who looks like an admiral at least condescends to collect your ticket on a Rhine steamer you feel that you have been honoured. Saluting him at your journey's end he solemnly responds, in his new uniform and gilded buttons, who porters it at your hotel. You appreciate the civic spirit of England when you visit Continental cities. "Between the Banks which Bear the Rhine."

The Rhine is no longer fashionable with English travellers and tourists. I don't know that even Byron made Rolandseck popular except in "Childe Harold." It is more or less unknown to English people who travel by the fast boats between Cologne and Coblenz, though it is the loveliest resting-place on the river, and one of the most beautiful spots in the world. No, sir, says Herr Putz, of the Hotel Belle Vue (which has a delightful garden running down to the river in terraces of flowers and pleasant arbours) "The English do not come here; many years ago they used to visit Rolandseck, but not now." Once upon a time the German river was overrun with English visitors armed with "Childe Harold," "Builer's Pilgrims of the Rhine," and Murray's "Handbook." How much it is now neglected you may judge by the dates of the latest "Baedeker" and "Murray." The latter is still the most agreeable and literary of handbooks, though it hardly does justice to the elect. It was a well-dressed, good-looking crowd of ladies and gentlemen, young and old. Some were dining, others sitting in the balconies over their wine or beer all as well behaved as if they were taking part in a social function under the eye of an hospitable host or hostess; some, however, no loud talking, no fast, ladies, or "noisy" men, but a Sunday company making the best and the most of their Sunday holiday. The vexed question of the English Sabbath was not much to learn from the Continent, and it is no argument against the best features of the Continental Sunday to quote the word, which is the persistent and undoubtedly powerful habit of the bigot and the hypocrite.

In the Shadow of B.C. 58 and 1870.

But, talking of markets, I am at Trier, on the right bank of the Moselle, when I prepare this special paper. I have missed my friend with the camera. I sally forth from my excellent Hotel sur Post. I know it is market day by the unvoiced bustle of the streets. I come suddenly upon the scene I look for. There he is, my friend. He has the eye of the artist and the confidence of the traveller. He has an instinct for "the point of view." There he stands, the very point, the apex, the landmark, the eye of the picture, which has for its foreground an ox-wagon with two mild cud-chewing beasts in the shafts; in the middle distance a Byzantine cross, erected in 958 (carrying its age on its battered front), and all around it tented stalls and occasional umbrellas and hundreds of market women; the background a lovely fountain dedicated to St. Peter, a rich monument of Renaissance, dated 1595 in front of the market street, behind whose picturesque fronts rise the towers and steeple of St. Gangolph Church. The life and artistic beauty of every town belong to its market place. "Which is the way to the market place?" is evidently my friend's first question on entering the gates of a strange town, and it is a question I have asked myself in many foreign cities, but my companion is, I find, writing a book on the little frequented valleys of the Rhine, and making his own photographic collection of the wonders of the Moselle. He does not dream how delightful it is to me to only taking a passing mental note or two for these after-dinner chats. If I were writing a book about this country I think it would be overshadowed by the Franco-German War. Standing in the market place I wondered if the women in that past August heard the distant echoes of the guns at Gravelotte. Here is Trier (or Trèves as the French call it) it may be said that one is within the zone of the greatest battles of the war, in token of the anniversaries of which every street in Trier is decorated with flags. "The military!" exclaimed the waiter as he served our dish of trout from the Moselle, and we looked out to see a fine regiment of infantry come pounding along the stony street, in their heavy boots, covered with the dust of their early morning exercise. And close by the sun shines through the corridors of the Roman Gate through which Julius Caesar may have marched fifty-eight years before Christ, when he first led the Roman armies into this part of Europe.

BACKING BY SYSTEM. At the London Bankruptcy Court a meeting was held, before Registrar Linklater, for the public examination of J. T. Greenham, hairdresser, who attributed his failure to backing horses on a system. —Examined by Mr. Howell, assistant official receiver, the bankrupt said that he carried on a business at Spalding, Lincolnshire, until 1894, when he sold it for £200. After paying off a mortgage, he with the balance purchased a business at Putney. He sold that business for £300, which he invested in betting on a system. His brother-in-law followed a system, and made bets for him, while he followed his business at Ludgate Hill. That system was his only experience of betting, and had brought about his failure. —By Mr. Beard: His brother-in-law was a retired ham and beef dealer. —Mr. Beard: And what was the system followed? The system was that of backing the favourites. Who were the bets made with? With various bookmakers. —Can you give their names? No. I did not make the bets; I simply placed the money with my brother-in-law, who made the bets. —The examination was concluded.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF FISH. Great destruction has again been caused to the fish in the River Nene, as a result of the storms. Large numbers of dead fish, principally roach, have floated down to Northampton, and one day they numbered some thousands, and were thought to exceed half a ton in weight. The fish are becoming putrid. How the destruction has been caused is uncertain, the authorities denying that the sewage has caused it, and a suggestion that the lightning caused the mischief is discredited. The matter is the subject of investigation.

ALLEGED MANSLAUGHTER. A coroner's jury, at Southampton, returned a verdict of manslaughter against a woman named Byrne in connection with the death of her infant son, aged four months. Two doctors stated that the case was a shocking one, and the child had died from starvation. A child that age should weigh at least 12lb., which was below the average; but this was only 6lb. 9oz. The child had, apparently, been grossly neglected and improperly fed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Conditions regarding to be answered. We send you a copy of this paper to the office by Tuesday morning. We do not give opinions on legal documents, nor can we undertake to solve intricate legal difficulties. "Homestead," "Inheritance," or "otherwise," to "Certificates of authentication," "Certificates of ownership," or "otherwise," to "Certificates of identification." The copies given below must be forwarded for each question, with a brief and clear statement of the case, and allow sufficient space for your answer. Further addresses and recommendations are overruled. All rejected MSS. unaccompanied by stamped envelope will be returned. Letters which do not strictly comply with these conditions will remain unanswered.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

See p. 1, The People, No. 722.

This must be cut out and forwarded with any question.

LOST AND FOUND.

1. Notices to owners of the following particulars. Name of missing person. How long since last heard of. Relationship to applicant. Signature and address of applicant (not for relatives). 2. What is lost, and when and where lost. 3. Notices must come direct from relatives. 4. Repetition will not be given.

NOTES which do not comply with these rules can only be inserted in the "Forward" column.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

1. Physicians, whose qualifications for the work are of the highest, answer ordinary questions of a medical nature. In ordinary cases, without the addition of "in confidence," the following questions are necessary for the applicant and a physician to answer: 2. Notices must come direct from relatives. 3. Repetition will not be given.

LEGAL.

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PHARMACEUTICAL.

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GARDENING.

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HOUSEHOLD.

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ARTISTS' TRADES.

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WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.
BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE CHATEAU DE LOUVENT.

More than once the Duchess de Louvet had drawn to her receptions advanced members of the National Assembly. General Lafayette had been one of her constant friends. The duke had even tolerated the American hero, who still retained a friendly intercourse with the Count de Fournier, although they had long ceased to be in political sympathy with each other. The duke generally found business or pleasure elsewhere when the duchess crowded her country house with summer guests or her town quarters with Parisian society. She had not been born in the purple, as the duke had. Her origin had linked the bourgeoisie of trade with the cordon bleu. She had been a beauty in her time, and married the duke for wealth and station, he taking her in a freak of passion which soon came to an end. They tolerated each other—loved each other, the duke called it—for a month or two, and then both discovered separate individual amusements and occupations, but they were united in a sincere devotion to their only child, Mathilde.

It was more for the sake of Mathilde than to satisfy her own inclinations that the duchess had cultivated certain prominent leaders of the Democracy of Paris, though she was more at home with members of the National Assembly and their wives than ever she had been with the high nobility.

Mathilde was a true descendant of the de Louvet family, her pride somewhat tempered by the democratic influences of the times. She was not what the vulgar world calls beautiful, a model for a painter, neither a Venus nor a Galatea; but she was a sweet womanly creature, tall, graceful, with an intellectual face, fine eyes, a gracious carriage, and an amiable disposition. The expression of her face was not always alike; there was nothing monotonous in it.

Conventional beauty is a known quantity; you note its eyebrows, its chiselled nose, its shell-like ears, the contour of its neck, the perfect curves of its coral lips, and so on; but the beauty that lasts has a good deal to do with the brain that is behind the pretty face and the heart that beats in the white bosom.

Mathilde de Louvet was unaffected, sincere, and French in all those little unnameable charms that have given lessons to all nationalities. Her complexion was unusually fair and rosy for a Frenchwoman; otherwise she possessed the de Louvet characteristics, the oval face, short upper lip, delicately rounded chin, well-formed mouth, and a dignified repose of manner.

She loved the young Count de Fournier, but had a keen sense of the duty she owed to her parents; and it is quite possible that had they been united in pressing upon her the suit of the Deputy Grébaud she might have sacrificed her feelings and inclination upon the altar of obedience; nor would this have been an unusual thing in France, where to this day parents consider they have the right to select husbands for their daughters. But Mathilde was encouraged in her refusal of Grébaud by her father's objection to such a match, and also by a sentiment of family pride.

For the hour together Mathilde on this fatal August day had sat looking out from her window over the broad country stretching away to the Seine and the woods and meadows of Courbevoie beyond, with its unpeopled fields of yellow corn, its brownish forest trees, and its bright blue sky.

Up to the very morning which was to usher in the sweet hour of her betrothal to the man she loved her mother had urged postponement, predicting some terrible retribution of the ceremonial. The duchess had not dared to frank with her daughter or the duke touching the more than vague warnings of Grébaud, St. Just, and other wire-pullers of the Assembly.

She had intruded with both parties, King's men and people's men, and at one time had nearly succeeded in negotiating a league for the King with more than one democratic leader. Chabot and Barre had as good as promised their allegiance, and she through a trusted friend, approached Danton, but nothing she could say could be said in reply, "Be comforted; I will send your mother to you."

"My mother has no comforting words for me," the girl wearily replied.

"She loves you, Mathilde. Would that her heart beat as truly in other ways. Ad revoir."

The duke, in his velvet breeches and silk stockings and his powdered wig (despite the scarcity of flour and the famine price of corn), tapped his snuff-box thoughtfully, and sighed as he returned to the terrace of the principal salon of the Château, where a gaily-dressed company was eating bonbons, sipping syrups, and bandying about the latest scraps of news, the duchess in their midst apparently the merriest of them all, almost youthfully alert in her movements despite her stiff corset and high-heeled shoes.

"Go to Mathilde," said the duke in a whisper, as he passed to welcome an old friend who had driven over in state from St. Germain.

"Oh, my dear," said the duchess, flinging herself into a chair, "I am well high driven mad."

"What tidings have you received then?" asked Mathilde.

"Everything—nothing—the air is full of rumours. None of my friends are here to confirm that."

"And Henri."

"Not a word about him from anyone."

"And the girl, Brüssy!"

"Should have been here this morning," said the duchess; "no tidings of her, by word or writing. My dear, we are lost!"

She rocked herself to and fro in her chair, and wiped her eyes, not, however, her mental distraction, forgetting to do so with due regard to her facial make-up—slight as it is only for to say, it was that gave brilliancy to an otherwise dull complexion.

As her mother gave way to her feelings, Mathilde repressed her own.

"Let us bear our misfortunes, whatever they may be, with patience, trusting in God," said Mathilde.

Many who trusted in God have lost their lives," said the duchess, with an angry gesture.

And have found their reward in Heaven."

"I prefer a reward on earth," said the duchess.

"Mother!" exclaimed Mathilde, kneeling at the duchess's feet and laying her head upon her knees. "Mother, you are despair; what is it?"

"Oh, if you had only been advised by me," said the duchess; "even now it is not too late."

"Too late for what?" asked the girl, rising to her feet. She knew too well that her mother was about to say.

"To take the hand of Monsieur Grébaud. He loves you better than ever a legitimate de Fournier knows how to love."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mathilde.

"Marry Grébaud and you confer a favour; marry de Fournier and he race."

While the de Louvets were receiv-

ing their guests the King and Queen accompanied by the Dauphin, had left the palace to seek protection with the National Assembly. Poor brave Queen, linked with a King who found within him no impulse to respond to her heroic spirit, but only the resignation of the martyr.

"I would rather be nailed to the walls of the palace than leave it!" she had said, but nothing would move the King.

"Are you prepared, Madame?" said Roderer, "to take upon yourself the responsibility of the death of the King, of yourself, of your children, and of all who are identified with you?"

No one replied. If the Queen's voice had been raised in response it would have been "death rather than retreat," but she was silent; her courage was one thing, her devotion and duty to the King another.

"Let us go!" said M. Montjoye. "Honour commands it; in your station marriage is a matter of state, of family, of business, to use the most practical phrase; it is a contract between two parties who bring value on each side. Grébaud brings money, power, the good name of a statesman, the prospective authority of a ruler—who knows?"

"Mother, you wrong yourself and me; you wrong my father, and you wrong Henri; dear mother, don't break my heart."

"Your heart!" said the duchess, rising from the chair in which she had been rocking herself backwards and forwards for the disarrangement of her toilette. "You talk like a poor hour-glass girl who prefers François Grébaud, much as he was personally exercised in connection with the affair at the Château de Louvet, did not venture forth until after the deposition from the new municipality had appeared at the bar demanding that their powers should be confirmed, the King dethroned, and a National Convention convoked; and it was not without difficulty that he and his military escort had made their way through the Champs Elysées, where the massacre of the flying Swiss was active and ghoul of both sexes were already maltreating and plundering the bodies of the dead.

It is hard to conceive that within a mile or two of these scenes of riot and slaughter there should be a sweet and quiet country, a calmly-flowing river, pleasant gardens, and homesteads in the midst of growing crops.

Both the duke and the duchess took occasion, now and then, to leave the arriving company, hoping to console Mathilde for the absence of de Fournier, which began to be alarming, the more so that several guests brought disquieting reports of new and grave troubles in Paris, stern messengers of the truth of which were already mounting for Neuilly and the well-known château that made the name of a bend of road beyond the Lion d'Impression with ancient towers and fortifications.

"He is detained on some business of the King," said the duke, kissing Mathilde ceremoniously as was his wont. "They say his Majesty has at last asserted his royal authority."

"But where is his messenger?"

"Did you expect a messenger, my love?"

"Surely," said the girl, looking up pell-mell into the steadfast eyes of her father, who took out his snuff-box and walked to the end of the room and back again to the window where Mathilde was standing.

"It may have been a sudden service," he remarked, as much to himself as to Mathilde. "It is possible the King has taken possession of the Assembly and placed the President under arrest—so it is whispered."

"There was the young man Ellicot, he should have come by his own impulse of devotion," she answered, all the natural bloom gone out of her cheeks and her voice trembling with emotion.

"He may be here any moment," said the duke, brushing the snuff from his embroidered vest.

"If the King is in danger or if he is in triumph," she said, "Henri is in peril, and Ellicot too, his dangerous service discovered by the agents of Grébaud. I am overwhelmed with apprehension."

"He comforted" was all the duke could say in reply, "to be comforted; I will send your mother to you."

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"She loves you, Mathilde. Would that her heart beat as truly in other ways. Ad revoir."

The duke, in his velvet breeches and silk stockings and his powdered wig (despite the scarcity of flour and the famine price of corn), tapped his snuff-box thoughtfully, and sighed as he returned to the terrace of the principal salon of the Château, where a gaily-dressed company was eating bonbons, sipping syrups, and bandying about the latest scraps of news, the duchess in their midst apparently the merriest of them all, almost youthfully alert in her movements despite her stiff corset and high-heeled shoes.

"Go to Mathilde," said the duke in a whisper, as he passed to welcome an old friend who had driven over in state from St. Germain.

"Oh, my dear," said the duchess, flinging herself into a chair, "I am well high driven mad."

"What tidings have you received then?" asked Mathilde.

"Everything—nothing—the air is full of rumours. None of my friends are here to confirm that."

"And Henri."

"Not a word about him from anyone."

"And the girl, Brüssy!"

"Should have been here this morning," said the duchess; "no tidings of her, by word or writing. My dear, we are lost!"

She rocked herself to and fro in her chair, and wiped her eyes, not, however, her mental distraction, forgetting to do so with due regard to her facial make-up—slight as it is only for to say, it was that gave brilliancy to an otherwise dull complexion.

As her mother gave way to her feelings, Mathilde repressed her own.

"Let us bear our misfortunes, whatever they may be, with patience, trusting in God," said Mathilde.

Many who trusted in God have lost their lives," said the duchess, with an angry gesture.

And have found their reward in Heaven."

"I prefer a reward on earth," said the duchess.

"Mother!" exclaimed Mathilde, kneeling at the duchess's feet and laying her head upon her knees. "Mother, you are despair; what is it?"

"Oh, if you had only been advised by me," said the duchess; "even now it is not too late."

"Too late for what?" asked the girl, rising to her feet. She knew too well that her mother was about to say.

"To take the hand of Monsieur Grébaud. He loves you better than ever a legitimate de Fournier knows how to love."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mathilde.

"Marry Grébaud and you confer a favour; marry de Fournier and he race."

While the de Louvets were receiv-

ing their guests the King and Queen accompanied by the Dauphin, had left the palace to seek protection with the National Assembly. Poor brave Queen, linked with a King who found within him no impulse to respond to her heroic spirit, but only the resignation of the martyr.

"I would rather be nailed to the walls of the palace than leave it!" she had said, but nothing would move the King.

"Are you prepared, Madame?" said Roderer, "to take upon yourself the responsibility of the death of the King, of yourself, of your children, and of all who are identified with you?"

No one replied. If the Queen's voice had been raised in response it would have been "death rather than retreat," but she was silent; her courage was one thing, her devotion and duty to the King another.

"Let us go!" said M. Montjoye. "Honour commands it; in your station marriage is a matter of state, of family, of business, to use the most practical phrase; it is a contract between two parties who bring value on each side. Grébaud brings money, power, the good name of a statesman, the prospective authority of a ruler—who knows?"

"Mother, you wrong yourself and me; you wrong my father, and you wrong Henri; dear mother, don't break my heart."

"Your heart!" said the duchess, rising from the chair in which she had been rocking herself backwards and forwards for the disarrangement of her toilette. "You talk like a poor hour-glass girl who prefers François Grébaud, much as he was personally exercised in connection with the affair at the Château de Louvet, did not venture forth until after the deposition from the new municipality had appeared at the bar demanding that their powers should be confirmed, the King dethroned, and a National Convention convoked; and it was not without difficulty that he and his military escort had made their way through the Champs Elysées, where the massacre of the flying Swiss was active and ghoul of both sexes were already maltreating and plundering the bodies of the dead.

It is hard to conceive that within a mile or two of these scenes of riot and slaughter there should be a sweet and quiet country, a calmly-flowing river, pleasant gardens, and homesteads in the midst of growing crops.

Both the duke and the duchess took occasion, now and then, to leave the arriving company, hoping to console Mathilde for the absence of de Fournier, which began to be alarming, the more so that several guests brought disquieting reports of new and grave troubles in Paris, stern messengers of the truth of which were already mounting for Neuilly and the well-known château that made the name of a bend of road beyond the Lion d'Impression with ancient towers and fortifications.

"He is detained on some business of the King," said the duke, kissing Mathilde ceremoniously as was his wont. "They say his Majesty has at last asserted his royal authority."

"But where is his messenger?"

"Did you expect a messenger, my love?"

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

The usual preliminary orchestral rehearsals for the Gloucester Musical Festival will commence at St. George's Hall on Thursday. Mr. Lee Williams's new dedication cantata, Mr. Harriet Lloyd's new organ concerto, and Mr. Brewer's new evening service in C, will be taken through during the day. On Friday, Mr. Frederick Cowen's new Church cantata, and Dr. Parry's "King Saul," will be tried, and the Monday after will be occupied with full rehearsals of the different choral works at Gloucester itself. The festival, as I have already announced, begins on Tuesday week.

I understand that Mr. Hedmont has wisely postponed the opening of his opera scheme at Covent Garden from Oct. 7 to Oct. 12, as most of the members of his orchestra will be away at the Leeds Festival until Oct. 6, and therefore unable to attend the necessary operative rehearsals. During the season, which promises to be a very interesting one, Mr. Hedmont will probably produce Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, "Shamus O'Brien."

Mr. Charles Macpherson, R.A.M., has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the post of sub-organist of the cathedral, in the place of the late Mr. Wm. Hodge. Mr. Macpherson is one of our most rising young musicians, and has won seven medals at the Royal Academy of Music. He recently composed a cantata entitled "By the Waters of Babylon."

Madame Amy Sherwin, who is at present resting at Westgate, has been engaged for the Purcell Festival in November, and the Bach Choir concert next season.

The series of articles entitled, "How to Study the Violin," which the late Mr. Carrodus wrote for "The Strand," have now been published in cheap book form. The collection is full of practical information and interesting matter. Amongst many other items of interest in the statement, not generally known, that Mr. Carrodus studied the violin in London under the elder Zervizini before he put himself under Molique.

The splendid jewels which Madame Adelina Patti wore upon her dress in "La Traviata" during the past season of Italian opera at Covent Garden were composed of 3,700 stones, picked out of various pieces of the prima donna's jewellery, and set together, at a cost of £200, by a jeweller, so as to form a curtain in the front and back of her bodice. The stones were restored at the end of the season to the trinkets from which they had been taken.

Senor Sarasate and Madame Berthe Marx commence a provincial tour at Liverpool on Oct. 22, ending at Brighton on Dec. 7. The accomplished violinist and Madame Marx will also give three concerts in London on Saturday afternoons, Oct. 19 and Nov. 2, and on Monday afternoon, Dec. 2.

Two more distinguished foreign instrumentalists, Herr David Popper and Herr Robert Haussmann, will visit the provinces and London this winter, the latter artist after an absence of some years.

I am sorry to hear from Australia that Little Decima Moore has been laid up with illness, and compelled to give up her professional duties for a time in order to take complete rest.

The news of the complete reconciliation between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has caused widespread satisfaction. The prospect of another Savoy opera from two distinguished pen is quite exhilarating. Mr. D'Oyly Carte is much better.

Mr. David Bispham, the popular baritone, was born in Philadelphia, of an old Quaker family. This circumstance prevented him from studying singing; but he has, in some way, managed to acquire the art to perfection. He is certainly one of the most refined and intellectual vocalists of the day.

The famous brothers, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and Sir Augustus Harris have been photographed together in a group, at Mont Dore, where they have been staying.

M. Jean de Reszke still adheres to his intention of singing in German the part of Tristan, in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The famous tenor will probably make his first appearance in the rôle during Messrs. Abbey and Gran's New York opera season in November, with Madame Nordica as Isolde.

Three concerts will be given in London this winter by Dr. Hans Richter and his splendid orchestra. The first two will take place at St. James's Hall on Oct. 21 and 22, and the last will be given in the same hall on the afternoon of Nov. 4.

The Royal Choral Society will open its next season at the Albert Hall on Oct. 31, with "Elijah." Mr. Santley singing the music allotted to the Prophet. The other works to be performed during the winter are, "Judas Maccabaeus," "The Redemption," "The Creation," "St. Paul," "Berlioz's "Faust," and "The Messiah," which will, as usual, be sung on New Year's Day. Sir Joseph will, of course, again conduct.

Mr. Henschel will give his London Symphony concerts at St. James's Hall this winter. He proposes to devote 10 out of 11 concerts entirely to the music of Beethoven, this year being the 125th anniversary of the great composer's death. Mr. Henschel's season opens on Thursday, Nov. 7, and concludes on Thursday, March 19.

The last performance of the present series by the Royal Artillery String Band took place at the Albert Hall on Sunday. The concerts have been both enjoyable and successful, and the date of the next series will be shortly announced.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk has been engaged to sing in the performance of "The Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall on Jan. 1.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

It is a generally accepted notion that the bee which is called the queen is the one which exercises authority over the others in the hive. As a matter of fact, however, the queen bee is the mother of the colony, and the only one whose egg-laying powers are fully developed. She deposits an enormous number of eggs in a very short space of time in certain of the cells of the comb, from which, in the course of a few days, emerge the larvae. These larvae are attended to and fed in the cells by working bees of a former brood, and in about three weeks they come out of the cells perfect bees. They then, for a day or two, feed on the honey within the hive, till they are strong enough to fly to the flowers to gather it themselves, when, in their turn, act as nurses to other developing larvae in the comb.

When the hive gets over-crowded by the continual influx of such large numbers of young bees, the queen and the workers of the first brood "swarm," that is, leave the hive in a body at some suitable season, and seek some other convenient home to start

their honey and rear another family. But, before the swarming period arrives, other queens are being reared amongst the younger bees to take the place of the older one when she departs. So that there is always only one queen at a time who supplies the hive with eggs, but others are being held ready against the older ones taking their departure.

The formation of the cells and the arrangement and position of the comb in the hives are very wonderful, and show much intelligence and an immense amount of industry on the part of these little insects. Everybody knows that the bees yield to us that most delicious of sweets—honey—and its wax is also of great service to us. But the bee is also useful in other ways. Many of our trees and plants would not bear fruit or seeds were it not for the pollen of the blossoms intermixing and causing fertilization. This is done in a great measure by the bees, whose legs, in flying from one flower to another, get covered with the pollen, some of which is taken up from, or deposited on, of course unconsciously, each flower visited.

A most remarkable sight was witnessed during the burning of the large grain warehouse near Blackfriars Bridge on Saturday night last. When the fire was at its height a great stir was noticed in the waters of the Thames, which for some time could not be accounted for. Before long, however, the spectators on the embankment discovered that it was caused by immense numbers of rats which had been driven by the heat from the burning building. They appear to have left the place en masse, for they were all gathered together and made their way across the water in one crowd. Unfortunately for the rats, but fortunately for the dwellers on the opposite side of the river, they could find no landing place, and most of them found a water grave.

Rats, although they are essentially land animals, are not without the power to swim, but, like all other animals which take to the water by force of circumstances, and not from choice, they are not long before they become exhausted. It is probable, therefore, that those which swam across the river and could find no landing stage on the embankment were too exhausted to return to the Surrey side, and so perished. Rats, without a doubt, are very fond of the water, and I have always noticed that in its vicinity they thrive better and are more numerous. I came across an immense colony of them at Cockham the other day. While fishing from the bank, one huge fellow ran up to within a few feet of me, but met with a reception such as did not allow him to return. Going in the direction whence he came there stood a rich, rich, and the ground around it was literally alive with them. Six large ones jumped out of a bucket standing near.

Part 22 of the "Royal Natural History," which, on account of space, I was unable to notice last week, is of exceptional interest. It treats of the birds, from the heron to the pigeon families inclusive. Amongst these are many remarkable species, such as the boat-billed heron, the whale-headed stork, and the hammer-head. The first of these agrees with the other herons in all respects, with the exception of its head, which is broad, and its wide and boat-like bill. From the conformation of the bill, it is doubtful whether these birds can catch fish. Nothing is known of their breeding habits. The whale-headed stork and the hammer-head differ from all other birds, and form families by themselves. The former feeds chiefly on fish, which it catches in the shallow waters. Several of these birds sometimes collect together and march through the waters flapping their wings and making a great noise to drive the fish from the deep water to the shallows. The hammer-head builds a most remarkable nest. It is a huge structure, composed of sticks, internally divided into three compartments, an entrance hall, a sleeping apartment (where the eggs are hatched), and a drawing room where the young "rass" to when they overgrow their bed-room accommodation.

Other interesting birds embraced in these families are the flamingoes, with their enormously elongated slender legs and rich pink colours; the crests from which the lively aigrettes which adorn ladies' hats are taken when in full plummage in the breeding season; the bitterns which are remarkable for the positions they assume under different circumstances. A good account of the finding of a bittern, and the loss of it again in the rushes within a few feet of him, is given by Mr. Hudson, in "Argentine Ornithology." The bird stood upright, and held its head straight up, so that it was difficult to distinguish from the rushes. The adjutant, so named on account of its soldier-like gait, is an extremely ugly bird, but is useful in the neighbourhood of towns as a scavenger; nothing comes amiss to it in the way of food. The screamers are majestic-looking birds, and are furnished with two powerful claws on each wing. Mr. Hudson also gives a good account of this bird. The coloured plates in this part depict the florican and Macqueen's bustard and a group of wild duck.

The additions to the Zoological Society's Gardens during the week ending Aug. 26 include a purple-capped lory, a tawny owl, two tarantula spiders, a capuchin, a Porto Rico pirope, a vulturine pigeon, a barn owl, seven adorned ceratophrays, and a white-tailed eagle.

THE ACTOR.

Excellent justice will be done to "An Artist's Model" by the company which Mr. George Edwards has organised for the provinces and America. The title part is played by Miss Louise Beaudet, a young lady who appeared some years ago at the Opera Comique with Mr. Bandmann, and who, I believe, is a favourite in the States. The Daisy in Miss Violet Lloyd, a youthful actress—I am told she is only 16—who to a pretty face and neat figure adds a small but pleasing voice and some capacity as a dancer.

Mr. E. W. Garden is the Smoggins, and so funny in the part as to make even his own colleagues laugh. Mr. W. Philp, who takes Mr. Coffin's part, has a very agreeable vocal organ, but has still something to learn as a singer. I have not seen "An Artist's Model" at the Lyric for some time, and in the performance of the company I am describing there were several things which to me were novelties, such as a very bright sextett and dance, in Act I. Mr. Fred Wright's songs and dances are also, I presume, new. The latter are especially successful.

Being detained in Glasgow on Wednesday by her duties as leading lady of the "Vanity Fair" troupe, Miss Kate Santley could not receive her guests at the Royal. A telegram giving the reason for her absence was, however, posted up in the stalls, where Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Bourchier) was able to speak for the new management, and accept the compliments so freely bestowed upon the alterations in and re-decoration of the theatre. On this head I said something last week, but really one would need several paragraphs to cover the subject.

At Leeds Mr. Wilson Barrett has been exploiting his latest play, "The Sign of the Cross," for the first time in England. The piece deals mainly with the spiritual influence exercised by a Christian maid over a dissolute Roman prefect, whose love for her.

at first lawless and brutal, is moulded gradually into the pervert of passions, out of which springs a willingness to accompany her to martyrdom. The work appears to be theatrically effective, though overburdened, a local critic says, with crude theology.

The part of the Rev. Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary" at the Avenue is to be played, apparently, by Mr. Willis Seear, an actor with whom work I am not acquainted. Mr. Charles Hawtrey will play his old part—that of Douglas Cattermole; and that of Old Cattermole will be taken by Mr. W. F. Hawtrey. The two old ladies will be played by those experienced actresses, Mrs. Henry Leigh and Miss Caroline Elton.

Unfortunately the first night of this revival is also the first night of the revival of

"Thoroughbred" at Toole's, with Mr. Tool in his original role.

The fact that Mr. J. H. Barnes will be a member of the company at the Duke of York's Theatre (lately the Trafalgar) when it re-opens on Sept. 19 will be noted with interest by many playgoers. Mr. Barnes had not acted in London, I believe, since 1880, when he figured in the cast of Mr. Septe's "Convict's Wife." His latest notable role was that of Pierre Lorance in "Proof" at the Adelphi, in 1889. He has been before the public for 24 years, and his breezy, manly

triumphs of being generated on the vehicle itself as it travels. It is believed that 26 miles an hour could be maintained with a light trap built on cycle lines, but carts, omnibuses, and all other heavy conveyances would be two-thirds slower. How agreeable the roads will be when every one "paddles his own canoe," or rather, drives his own trap at the average pace of an ordinary train.

Although pilgrimages have gone out of

fashion in Europe, they are still the mode in Asia, being much promoted by the introduction of railways. The modern eastern pilgrim takes a ticket, steams away for the temple or shrine he wishes to propitiate, hurries through his devotions, and is back to business in a week or two. Very different this from pilgrimages in the older time, when the whole distance had to be done on foot. Still, they have their dangers, then, a monster lodging-house has just been finished at Mecca capable of containing six thousand guests, and as would be more or less dirty—generally more—I can well believe that cholera must be a permanent resident at the place. It is said that you can smell a pilgrim train for half an hour after it has passed.

Down at Jarrow, the magistrates seem to

relish "high" sausages. That is, at all

events, the only reasonable inference deducible from their having let off with fines

the only couple who had been making a

disobedient living by the sale of

putrid "sausages." The wretches knew,

too, what they were about; when ex parte

arrived with a pork butcher for using stink-

ing meat the husband replied that he would

make it all right by dosing the foul stuff

with cayenne pepper. Seeing that a number

of human beings might have been poisoned,

I do think that the magistrates should have

hardened their hearts and passed sentence

of imprisonment without the option of a fine.

A Newcastle paper gave the other day a

detailed account of the professional income

of a certain country clergyman, who, we

have no doubt, be pictured by Socialists as

feasting on the fat of the land. While the

nominal value of the living

is £330 per annum, the tithe—the sole

endowment—brings in no more than £330 per

annum. Out of this, the unfortunate incum-

bent has to pay £22 per annum for rates and

taxes, leaving him with a trifle over £300 a

year for the maintenance of his family with

some appearance of respectability, in addi-

tion to large benefactions to the poor of his

parish. No doubt many curates get much

less, but they have not the same position to

support, nor are they expected to pay out

money with both hands to the indigent.

Not a week passes without numerous com-

plaints being addressed to us about cock-

crowing. Undoubtedly, the noise created by

the infernal birds constitutes an abominable

nuisance. Moreover, in nine cases out of ten,

it could be dispensed with without loss to the

owner. As a provincial gentleman who has

kept hens for 30 years rightly says, a cock is

of no use whatever when the only purpose is

to produce eggs. On the contrary, the hens

are more prolific without a Sultan to

worry them with his endearments. Of course,

when chickens are desired, gay chanticleer

must be kept, but that is rarely the case in

towns. Moreover, it is always possible to

buy a sitting of fertilised eggs and to have

them hatched out by some hen troubled with

maternal longings.

The consumption of lager beer in England

has now assumed such magnitude that the

foreign producers must take a very large

sum out of their own profit but greatly to our

loss. But the sun shines; and the sun

shines brightly, and the sun shines brightly

when the sun shines brightly. But the sun

shines brightly when the sun shines brightly.

The consumption of lager beer in England

is now very large, and the foreign producers

THE PEOPLE MIXTURE.

The deaths from pulmonary consumption in the metropolis last week numbered 142.

Nearly 10 per cent. of the recipients of the Victoria Cross are military doctors.

The Additional Curates' Society has received an anonymous donation of £200.

Every town in Mexico has a public bath-house.

Women have usually better eyesight than men.

Five hundred earthquakes shock the Japanese every year.

A convict earns about 10d. a week while in penal servitude.

In Finland and East Turkestan thunderstorms are wholly unknown.

Austrian law permits boys and girls to marry at the age of 14.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than 1,000 separate islands and islets.

The ice consumed in Great Britain comes almost exclusively from Norway.

It is stated that the cholera is rarely fatal to a system impregnated with tobacco.

Elephant's skins are tanned to make carpets. They never wear out, but are expensive.

The birth in London last week numbered 2,448—235 males and 2,213 females.

The deaths were 1,430—705 males and 725 females.

The death-rate in Dublin, which had been 22.7 and 22.2 per 1,000 in the two preceding weeks, rose again to 24.0 last week.

The native countries of the tallest and the shortest people of Europe, the Norwegians and the Lapps, adjoin each other.

Men attending the pane in salt works are never known to have cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever, or influenza.

French schoolboys wear uniforms, and every institution of learning has its distinctive dress.

Some new statistics show that the five months from April to September are the most dangerous for lightning stroke.

Every civilised nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a meteorological office.

A wild elephant has a keen sense of smell.

At a distance of 1,000 yards it can scent an enemy.

One year's issue of postage stamps in the United Kingdom amounts in weight to no less than 114 tons.

A flower cut in the morning will outlast two flowers cut later in the day when the sun is upon them.

Pekin, China, is frozen up for six months of the year, and the inhabitants enjoy ice-sledding at Christmas.

It will be possible to travel around the globe in 40 days when the trans-Siberian railway is completed.

Col. J. A. Barlow, commanding the 2nd Manchester Regiment, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-general of the Adjutant District of the Indian Army.

Mr. G. Livesey's main argument in favour of profit-sharing is that a cheerful worker is worth at least a per cent. more than an unwilling worker.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

"Tact," says an American writer, "cannot be said to be synonymous with policy; tact is always there, and policy cannot invariably be said to have that distinguishing mark."

A convention of German horse butchers is to open a restaurant in Berlin, to educate the upper class to the use of horsemeat as food.

In the dominions of the British Empire alone 8,000 individuals vanish every year without leaving any indication as to their whereabouts or ever appearing again.

In regard to good roads, the United States is at present about where England was 150 years ago. The movement for good roads in England began in 1770.

Allots of aluminium with four to eight per cent. of silver are harder than pure aluminium, are not brittle, and take a fine polish. The colour is similar to that of fine silver. They are used for medals, charms, &c.

The Malabar is the only remaining Government trooper, it has been decided to appropriate the Amphion, cruiser, 3,400 tons, now at Devonport for this purpose. She will be refitted at a cost of £20,000.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea. Some time ago a well was dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 metres the ground was still frozen.

The desert of Sahara is becoming a garden. Within a few years 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful by artesian wells. There are 800,000,000 acres yet to be reclaimed before all the sand wastes of South Africa are utilized.

Some idea of the enormous quantity of wood-pulp consumed by paper-mills may be formed from the fact, that, in order to manufacture the paper used in each day's issue of a leading journal in New York, seven acres of an "average forest" are absorbed.

"Be sincere with yourself, whatever the temptation," was the advice of J. A. Froude. "Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world in sincerity is the most dangerous."

The wine palm, or kitchi palm, grown in India, attains a height of 50ft. or 60ft., and is remarkable for the peculiar form of the leaf, which have been compared to those of our common maidenhair tree. The leaves themselves are from 18ft. to 20ft. long.

While mass was being celebrated in a Roman Catholic church at the village of Rogozno, near Sanok, in Galicia, a lighted taper was accidentally upset, and a panic ensued. The church was densely crowded at the time. Three persons were killed, and several others were seriously injured.

A remarkable instance of the depressed condition of agriculture was afforded at the sale of a Kentish estate, when 630 acres of land, with farmhouse, stabling, homestead, and seven modern cottages, only realized £5,700, or less than £2 an acre. Fifteen years ago the property was valued at over £20,000.

A Castlebar correspondent sends an account of the murder of a child called Connane by a girl named Delia Brennan, residing near Castlebar. It is alleged that the girl told the child while it was returning from Clogher National School. At the inquest, which was held, revolting details were revealed. The police are investigating the circumstances of the tragedy.

At Wakefield, Martino Bartlett, coloured man, described as a lion tamer, was committed for trial at the assizes for abducting a girl, 15, named Susannah Davis, from her parents at Leeds. Prisoner said that the girl told him she was 18, and the girl confirmed this statement. The couple had visited Wakefield, Bradford, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury as man and wife.

There was no great effort at speed records in the day of the father of the steam engine.

"I don't like 40 or 50 miles on any line," said George Stephenson, when questioned as to the future of train travelling. "If there is a direct up and down railway, it is in high velocity that one should go. I should say no railway should exceed 40 miles an hour in the most favourable gradients, and, on a curved line, should not exceed 24 or 25 miles an hour."

The anniversary of the defeat of the Turks in the Shisha Pass in August, 1877, was celebrated in Sofia with much ceremony. Veterans belonging to the Bulgarian legion who had taken part in the fighting in the Pass marched to the Palace, headed by a band. They were temporarily entrusted with the colours of the legion. This ceremony was followed by

divine service, at which the prince and the members of the Cabinet were present.

The first railroad was opened in France (from Paris to St. Germain) in 1837.

Mr. S. Lewis has purchased for £12,000 Lady Cowley's picturesque residence at Maidenhead.

The boycott of Chinese dealers by Japanese commission merchants at Yokohama still continues.

Suspense is found in all the Atlantic States, the principal deposits being in New York and North Carolina.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue acknowledge receipt of Bank of England note for £200 on account of unpaid beer duty.

David Manning has been committed for trial for the wilful murder of his sister Catherine at the Old Head of Kinsale, co. Cork.

A man named Harry Springle, who was knocked off his bicycle by lightning at Acton-le-Street, has since gone out of his mind.

A boat belonging to the revenue cutter Neptune capsized in Portland Roads, and a seaman named David Green was drowned.

The members of the Canterbury Habitation of the Primrose League will celebrate the recent victory at Falmouth by a fête at Childwickbury, on Sept. 7.

Lieut. Felzer, a Belgian officer in the service of the Congo State, and commander of the Rassou district, has been killed in a fight with the natives.

The English trawler Grampus has paid £1,000 kroner to the Danish Government for fishing in prohibited waters of Iceland. Her tackle has been confiscated.

Mr. C. Aldridge, an active member of Lord Meath's Committee of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, has just died at his residence at Chelsea.

Signor Luigi Saporito, inspector-general of the Italian General Post and Telegraph Office, has died at Monte Catini. Deceased was also chief of the Italian P.O. Savings Bank.

A marriage has been arranged between Baron Carlo de Tuyl and the Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort.

A man named Fred Liveridge, while cleaning windows in Manchester, fell off the ladder upon which he was standing, and received fatal injuries.

The aggregate number of spindles in operation and in course of being fitted up in cotton mills in Japan is now said to be 819,113, of which 580,364 are in operation.

A movement is being inaugurated among the members of the County of Lancashire Rifle Association having for its object the introduction of canvas targets on the Altcar range.

The King of Servia has a taste for ball-games. He has gone incognito to St. Petersburg to see one there, and will publicly, along with his mother, attend the last one that is to be authorised by the Hodges' prize for the discovery of aeronauts.

The foundation stones of the new buildings for the Belfast Y.M.C.A., which will cost £15,000, were laid on Tuesday by Sir G. Williams, Lord Kinnaird, and others.

Daniel Scheene, who, it is said, once saved the life of the old Emperor of Germany, has applied to the poor authorities of Denver for assistance.

The Brussels police have arrested a man who was charged with embossing £1,000 in Manchester. He made a confession, and a search was made at his hotel.

Sir H. de Trafford has sold his Chat Moss estate, near Manchester, for £237,500.

The Chinese population in Japan at the end of May was as follows:—Eight in Tokyo, 22 in Hokkaido, 10 in Osaka, 1,391 in Kanagawa, 645 in Hyogo, 403 in Nagasaki; total, 2,574.

How the Jewish population is increasing in Russia may be inferred from the statistics of Odessa. During the last three years 11,050 Jewish births were registered, against 6,960 deaths.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives has voted credits for the construction of a ship canal from Houthout, on the North Sea coast, to Bruges, and the conversion of the latter city into a seaport.

The Prince of Wales has appointed the Earl of Minto as Provincial Grand Master of Mark Masons for Surrey, and Lord H. Cavendish, Bart., M.P., for Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The return of the New York Associated Banks shows a considerable decrease in the stock of legal tenders. The total reserve has decreased by £924,000, and now stands at £236,190,000.

The oldest of the Paris market-women, named Deschamps, is dead, at the age of 94.

She supplied the Tuilleries with vegetables in the days of Charles X. and Napoleon III.

and there was an impression for years that the Emperor was in love with her.

The "new woman" is adapting herself to masculine environments in Nebraska with great ease.

The other day, at Creston, a man disputed with a woman over the possession of a wagon, when the latter proved the weightiness of her side of the case by giving the former a sound thrashing.

At Aylebury, it was alleged that prisoner was shot at him but missed his aim.

At a conference of representatives of the chain-trades in S. Staffordshire and E. Worcestershire, held at Bradley Heath, it was decided to recommend a general strike for an advance in wages.

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TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER,
BY LARRY LYNX.

over, he did not finish, and, until his record ride at Caversham, he was looked upon as little better than a third-class man.

Both Reading and the Co-operative Sports at the Crystal Palace were well patronised by spectators. At the former R. Wellins won the limited three miles handicap from the limit mark of 60 yards. Bacon was a bit out of colour, and could get no nearer than third.

The combined L.A.C. and Cambridge University team of steeplechase, who have sailed to America to uphold the athletic prestige of England, was scarcely as strong as had been anticipated, for neither E. C. Erdin, Vry, nor F. E. Bacon is able to travel across the Atlantic. The London Athletic Club team, which will meet the New York Athletic Club in competition as follows:—
100 Yards: R. D. Parker and G. Jordan.
Quarter Mile: W. Pittsbergh and G. Jordan or C. H. Lewis.
Half Mile: F. S. Horan and G. Shaw.
One Mile: W. E. Lutgens and E. J. Wilkins.
Three Miles: F. S. Horan, W. E. Lutgens, and E. J. Wilkins.
Hurdle Race (100 yards): G. Shaw and W. J. Oakley.
High Jump: R. Williams and W. Mendelson.
Putting the Weight: E. J. Watson.
Throwing the Hammer: G. S. Robinson and A. B. Johnstone, Cambridge University, who will meet Yale University, will be represented by the following:—
100 Yards: G. S. Horan (Trinity Hall), (Pembroke).
200 Yards and Quadrangular: G. S. Horan (Trinity Hall), (Pembroke).
One Mile: W. E. Lutgens (Sidney) and H. J. Davenport (Trinity).
Hurdle Race (100 yards, 10 flights): L. E. Pilkington (King's) and W. M. Fletcher (Trinity).
Hammer: A. B. Johnstone (Pembroke) and F. M. Jennings (Caius).
Weight: E. J. Watson (Trinity).
Jump: W. Mendelson (Jesus).
High Jump: G. S. Robinson (Pembroke) and F. M. Jennings (Caius).

It is the unexpected that always happens in big handicaps, and the name of Linthorpe in the Great Ebor Handicap is another illustration of the old saw.

Although Linthorpe was second to Bard of Aves at Nottingham, and thereby showed some of his old and best form, I did not feel inclined to give any credence to the tip circulated in his favour, that he had positively thickened the air last Monday.

He has been a disappointing horse for the last half of his life, and has never given his friends any proof of his ability to stay.

On that score I much preferred to trust to Boxer and Duran, who have always been consistent performers, and followed him home on Wednesday, Dunbarian gaining second laurels. It will perhaps be better, however, to take the week's record to York in the order of its sequence.

To old-timers the name of the "Duke" and his mind is keen recollection of the past, and one's mind is inextricably caught up to the days of Blair Athol, Apology and Wheel of Fortune, whose running at York was a kind of a sensational character.

The steers of the Jockey Club always take York ditches with no other meeting, and through their judicious treatment and the liberal programme of executive meetings the York August fixture has avoided the fate of many others which are now forgotten.

A showy morning was succeeded by two afternoons on the opening day, and the crowds were large throughout. A lot of racing was confirmed, notably, when the Stockton victory, Michigan, won the Yorkshire Oaks from the more fancied Kissing Cup and Naaman, who failed to stay home, and again was Stockton's fourth winner.

When Elvite won the Bridgestone Stakes at Newmarket, he was the Jockey Club's Catcher was his closest attendant in Elvite's performance, a two-year-old daughter of Hidden Treasure, who was bought at York in the spring by Mr. Green for 600s. Mr. Homewood, the owner of Newmarket, who finished second, was the Jockey Club's Catcher, who went up to 500s.

An even weight handicap, attracted a field of 11, of which Aerobat, despite his heavy weight, was made favourite from Verdant Green. Neither, however, finished in the first three, and Kendall, who was a winning handicap last week at Nottingham, won the second.

The Jockey Club's Catcher was the winner of the "promoted" counties, and the experiment of increasing the number of first-class counties in an unquestionable success. Gloucestershire had to add Surrey to their list of victims, but their inglorious second in the notwithstanding, they may not be quite satisfied with the draw in which they return match themselves.

The excellent all-round form of young Townsend, the consistently good play of Joseph, and the promise shown by other young players for the country augur well for the future of Gloucestershire cricket.

Somersetshire are winding up in magnificent form. To beat Sussex, Kent, Surrey, and Yorkshire in succession is a feat which no one

else has managed, and it is a credit to the skill which was necessary for the rehabilitation of the Westerners.

L. C. H. Philpott's fine innings of 161, coming after so many fine innings, stamps that player as one of the most consistently brilliant batsmen this county has ever produced.

In the match with Yorkshire he received valuable assistance in run-getting from F. G. Fox and S. Jones, and the latter, in his first fine bowling, then really put the finishing touch upon Yorkshire's defeat; he really bowled better than his 14 wickets for 247 runs would suggest, as in the first innings several catches were dropped.

The draw between Nottingham and Kent was a fairly even one, for although the latter got a lead of 10 runs on the first innings, Shropshire and A. G. Jones then drew it.

It is noteworthy that Shropshire, although coming into the team after the spell of fine weather and consequent easy run-getting wickets were things of the past, is at the top of the Notts' batting table with an average of 42. Derbyshire were very unfortunate in now having time to play out their match with Essex, as it seems certain that victory would have been theirs.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO FOOTBALL.

The following circular has been extenuatingly circulated in the dailies of Woking and Emily:—
"Dear Sirs.—In order to encourage football in our elementary schools, the rectors of Weybridge and Epsom (the Revs. W. B. and G. E. Money) have kindly offered a handsome challenge (provided sufficient interest be shown in the matter) to be competed for by the elementary schools in the dailies of Woking and Emily. Will you kindly repeat to your parents that you are willing to enter your school as a competitor? Should a sufficient number of favourable replies be received during the ensuing week, a meeting will be called to elect officers and formulate a code of regulations. E. W. Brown (hon. secretary pro tem.), National School, Woking, has been elected by a majority of the parents. The meeting will be held on Lord Zetland's Siley.

Recipients have no reason to complain of the weather on the Great Ebor Handicap day, as the sun shone after a shower, brilliantly throughout a very hot afternoon.

On the previous day, backstoppers started badly with Red Wing II, who was scarcely backed for a shilling, rolled home in the Lonsdaleborough Match. The Duke of York Stakes at St. Leonards running, made out to be a walk-over for Villiers, and odds were freely bet on him. He gave his backers a bit of a fright when he broke away before flag fall, and galloped up the hill. During the race itself, however, he behaved very well, and after he had taken up the running he was very cleverly.

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